Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI

THE BASQUES OF SPAIN.

An Unconquered People Descended From Antiquity.

Whether the Aryan peoples, the Germans, the Celts, etc., poured in over Europe from the shores of the Caspian, or had their original home in northwestern Europe, certain it is that wherever they advanced they found the country in possession of a people, who perhaps, had no more claim to be the first settlers that the Aryans themselves. This people was of Turanian stock, and was represented in the stone age by the lake dwellers of Switzerland and of Ireland.

Its best-known modern representatives are the Greenlanders, the Esqimo, and the Basque people of Spain, whose little country is on the northern and southern slopes of the Basses-Pyrenees, on the shores of the bay of Biscay. For the most part the old settlers were conquered be the newcomers and exterminated or absorbed or driven to the mountains, where remnants of them survived as distinct people down to comparatively recent times. But in all civilized Europe, Spain is the only country in which any remnant of the race has succeeded in maintaining itself distinct to the present day. This remnant, known as Basques, has played a conspicuous role in history, and something of its story is told by Elizabeth T. Spring in the Cosmopolitan, from which we extract the following:

"The first impression of this people, as one settles among them, is of extraordinary force, nobility and intelligence. Dignity is stamped on their faces, and an air of high-minded, simple sincerity inspires absolute confidence. As the acquaintance ripens, this impression grows deeper. These people are pure, in spite of their French neighbors on the north, industrious and practical, though they touch Spaniards on the south. As loyal as they are independent, they are to the last degree hospitable and generous. With all this they are intellectually keen and discriminating. An acute observer says of them:

"'They have the natural active politeness of the Irish, without servility; the sagacity of the Scotch, without cuteness; the steady self-respect of the upper classes of England, without Saxon stupidity. I have seen them execute vengeance without an angry word, resembling North American Indians in the self-possession of their dispassionate conduct. One instinctively recognizes them not only as men of the highest order, but as absolute gentlemen, even in the rudest mountaineer dress. Their manner toward each other, as toward strangers, is singularly courteous and direct and marked by genuine kindness and amiability. There is no roughness whatever in their forcefulness.

"The women are very beautiful; their physiognomy extremely mobile, with frequent play of eyebrows and quivering of lips. Their gait is elastic, their hands and feet are small and exquisitely formed. Their glances sometimes seem ironical, half mocking, but always clear and full of fire.

"But these people of Spain, and yet not Spaniards, who are they? Models of ancient manners, untained by time, so marked, so separate—as distinct in racial characteristic from their nearest neighbors as from the most remote—so rooted to this soil, how shall we account for them?

"Velasco, their own historian, gravely traces their descent directly from Tubal-Cain. Humboldt calls them Celt-Iberians. Theory on theory, each one disproving the last with equal learning, has been advanced to account for this phenomenon. Nothing now seems more probable than that they are a remnant of the troglodytes of the age of stone, the same with the men whose bones are to be found in the caverns of the Alps and the Pyrenees beside those of the huge animals they hunted. In this case their unwritten history dates from twenty centuries before the Christian era.

"It is from the eighth century, when they destroyed the Frank army, and when, in the fight against the Saracens, they stood out in the full light beside the Spaniards, that the infinite history of the Basques dates. It was De Haro, lord of Biscay, and his men who really won the day in the decisive battle of Las Navas de Toloso. It is to them the honor is due of taking the chains from the Caliph's tent, which hang now in the Church of Pampiona, and are carved since that time on the shield of Castile. All Spaniards who took part in that struggle were ennobled. The Basques, having never been subjected either to the Saracens or to any other race, were pronounced all noble, so that ever since, to secure a patent of nobility, it is only necessary to produce proof of Basque birth. Hence the continuance of the primitive absence of caste, or social distinctions, an ideal state unknown to such a degree elsewhere, in which the test of worth lies wholly in essential personality.

"In 'Don Quixote' Donna Rodriguez says of her husband: 'He is as well born as a king, because he comes from the mountains;' and when Sancho Panza, as governor of Barretaria, seeks a secretary, one of his attendants exclaims: 'I, sir, am the man, for I can read and write; and, moreover, I am a Basque.'

"'With that addition,' says Sancho, 'you are fit to be secretary to an emperor.'

One Basque, at least—Ignatius Loyola—has left his name upon the world's records. The author gives an account of the circumstances which led this once gay cavalier to take up the "Lives of the Saints," when he lay wounded, and read until he was fired with enthusiasm to emulate them; and how he won over another another Basque—Francois Xavier—to a similar career of Christian warfare. But as a race the Basques have not flourished. Our author says:

"This Pyreneean has not blossomed. The force has expended itself mostly in self-preservation. The bud has unfolded enough to show its royal red and chilled, has never opened further. Like individuals, nations are in danger of ruin from the excess of their best qualities. When independence is blinded by pride or stiffened by its powerful development so that it can not yield and bend at the right moment, the life is missed. Only as a part of a whole can even the strongest realize their own full individuality."—Literary Digest.

THE GREAT LARAN REBELLION.

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CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"I told you before," said Hendricks, somewhat testily, "that the purpose and expense were not part of your consideration. What will it cost?"

"Well, sir, I suppose a rude but solid bracket road can be built on one wall for about six thousand dollars a mile."

"That's very nearly a hundred thousand dollars for sixteen miles. Let us say a hundred and fifty thousand. Can we put up an electric engine if it is got in here by piecemeal and make the trucks and cars if the iron work is supplied?"

"Unquestionably," replied Laport.

"Then the railroad question is settled," said Hendricks. "Now the lighting system. My idea is to run the furnace chimney through the roof where the crust is not over ten feet thick and carry it up at the end of the house we are to build over the entrance. But you will see what our difficulty is. We want light to build the road, and until the road is built we cannot get our dynamo and engine into the cave, for they must come in at the other end."

"I would suggest a temporary lighting arrangement," said Laport. "The difficulty of delivering most of the material at this end can be overcome."

"Yes, but the difficulty of transportation at this end cannot be overcome. We have to haul our stuff from the nearest railroad and that is only a poorly equipped branch. It is next to impossible to pull the material over the run until roads are made and we have the water almost at our door in the southwest."

"Nevertheless it is impossible to get any heavy material through those passages at present and it is not impossible to wheel here from the nearest point until your road is completed."

"How long will it take to build the road?"

Laport laughed. "It is a question of supply of iron and number of workmen."

"Very well, we have all winter. I will furnish you with a gang of fifty men. If the road is done by next May I shall be satisfied."

CHAPTER IX.

Eight months elapse. There is an office in Memphis whose sign reads: "Charles Fenning, Real Estate. Office of the Laran Sanatarium."

It has long been remarked that Mr. Fenning's mails are enormous. He gets sometimes as many five hundred letters in a day. It is not known that most if not all of these go to Laran. But it is known to a few persons in Memphis that he has a private wire to one branch of the Laran establishment and that he ships great quantities of goods in boxes and carts and barrels.

The fact is, Mr. Charles Fenning is Hendricks' most confidential lieutenant, and under the simple guise of real estate operations and an agency for the furnishing of information about the Laran sanatarium, stands as a close connecting link between his hidden principal and the world with which that principal is carrying on active operations.

His business is so pressing that he works late at night in his office. He has two assistants; one is a messenger and office runner; the other is a confidential secretary, assistant and telegraph operator. She is a very pretty young lady and her name is Cornelia Laport.

Fenning has three rooms on the ground floor; one is a public office; another is a smaller and private office; the third room connecting with a side street is a shipping room and is well filled at this time with goods waiting to be sent to the depot on the Wash bayou.

One night in April, the door to Mr. Fenning's public office was opened—a woman stepped in quickly and, shutting it after her, glided across the room in the direction of the private office, merely saying in a low tone: "Mr. Fenning."

Mr. Fenning was sitting at his desk and Miss Laport, not ten feet away, was seated at another sorting a bundle of letters.

Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Fenning followed the woman into the private office and closed the door.

They stood face to face and the woman said immediately, with every indication that she had been walking rapidly:

"I have been followed from New York. I must get to the bayou tonight."

Fenning showed no signs of alarm. He offered her a chair. "Do you think anyone saw you come in here?" he asked.

"I think not, but I cannot be certain."

"Pray be seated," said Fenning. "You surprise me. Why should anyone suspect you?"

"One or more of my letters have been intercepted."

Fenning looked grave. "Ah!" he said, as they sat down, "Do you remember the contents?"

"Clearly."

"To whom were they addressed?"

"To Hendricks, in Washington. Can you get me to the bayou to-night?"

Fenning shook his head. "I can get you on the way," he said. "It is thirty miles to Tipton county. I must say that I am surprised at your coming here. There is nothing at all can be proved against you and you run the risk of connecting this office in the chain of suspicions, whatever they are."

"But," said the woman, "it is imperatively necessary to all interests that I get to Laran."

"What have you got about your person?"

"Papers and money," she replied, immediately taking a packet from her bosom and handing it to Fenning and pulling a roll of bills from her satchel.

He placed both in a large envelope and put it in an inner breast pocket.

"Is that Miss Laport?" she asked, referring to the young woman in the outer office.

"Yes," replied Fenning.

"Can you trust her?"

"Certainly. She is very grateful on her father's account, but she is queer."

"Can you get her to change dresses with me?"

"What do you want to do?"

"The quickest and safest thing. Some one followed me to St. Louis. When I took the boat I thought I had dodged him. Just as I was about to land I saw him through the cabin window. I had telegraphed to the hotel here for a room. I came to the hotel in a hack. As I passed the main entrance to reach the ladies' entrance on the other street, I saw the man in the vestibule of the office. He had got there before me. He must have seen my telegram."

"You should have stayed there and faced him," said Fenning. "It would have been absolutely impossible to connect you with the operations at Laran."

"You forget," she replied, "I had papers. I believe the Central office in New York has got the key to our cipher. At all events, several things have occurred lately which have hastened me west. When I arrived at the hotel, the register was brought to me in the lady's waiting-room. I was given No. 42 on the second floor in the wing, but I noticed that the clerk was examining me as if making a comparison of my appearance with a description in his mind. A hall boy was sent up one flight to my room with me. The office is two hundred feet away. I told him I was tired and was going immediately to bed. The moment he left me I slipped down the stairs. It was ten o'clock. There was one chance in a hundred that the door of the lady's entrance was not locked. The hall boy had gone to the office to report. There was no one in the hall. The door had not been locked. I went out softly. The side street was deserted. There was one hackman at the corner on his box waiting for some one, but he was asleep. I heard him snore. I took a roundabout course and here I am."

"I am satisfied that you have made a mistake in judgment," said Fenning. "If you are known as Mrs. Hendricks

"I HAVE BEEN FOLLOWED FROM NEW YORK."

or as being in communication with Hendricks, this is where they will look for you."

"But they need not find me. Nothing will be done till morning. I locked my room door and they believe I am in my bed. We have got the night before us. Remember this officer may have a requisition."

"Nonsense," replied Fenning. "You have done exactly what he has expected—acted suspiciously. He is simply keeping track of you. I'll wire to Laran for instructions."

Fenning got up.

"You waste time," said the lady putting her hand on his arm. "Understand that everything depends at this moment on my being able to reach Laran. A hundred possibilities may intervene before to-morrow. You must ship me from here early in the morning."

"Ship you? How?"

"With your goods."

Fenning considered a moment.

"I understand you," he said. "It may be possible."

"It is imperative," she replied. "Tell Miss Laport that she must change dresses with me and lend me her veil. Take her home and leave me here. I must go out at five o'clock with your goods. When you receive a visit from the officer, it will depend upon your wit in handling him, if I get to the bayou ahead of him. Here are three snap pictures of him I took with a detective camera at different times. This one was taken in New York and the necktie is red—don't forget—it may help you."

"But," said Fenning, "it is impossible for you to be boxed."

"Nothing is impossible just now," she replied calmly.

At half-past five o'clock the next morning a mule truck was loaded with three large and about twenty small boxes at the side entrance of Fenning's place and driven away. It was a familar scene to those in the neighborhood. Just before the two men who were to drive it left the place, Fenning gave them these instructions:

"When you come to the Cache Gulley, six miles out, you are to leave this box marked XX under the catalpa tree where the bowlder is, in the grove on the right. It contains tools and instruments for the surveyors who are to place a new bridge over the slough. Handle it carefully—place it under the tree and go on."

He knew these men would carry out his instructions, for they were regularly in his service and were well paid.

The truck got away just one hour and twenty minutes before Fenning got a call at his office.

He recognized his visitor at once as the man who had been following the woman. There was something about the fellow that instantly told Fenning he was a professional detective. He was becomingly dressed in good clothes, but they were not worn with the ease of familiarity. His general appearance indicated impudence and doggedness rather than shrewdness. He had one of those faces, square, immobile and hard, that are devoid of all emotion. His little bead eyes were sunken and black and wore a steady, imperturbable stare. He was a musular fellow with square broad shoulders and significant bulges of muscles on his arms, but he moved without elasticity or celerity.

"Can I see you alone, Mr. Fenning?" he asked, in a rasping but subdued voice.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Fenning, "step right in here."

The moment they were seated in the private office the man said: "Where is Mrs. Hendricks?"

"I took her to a private house early this morning," replied Fenning.

"Why did she leave the hotel?"

"Because she was annoyed at your insufferable impudence in dogging her all the way from New York."

The man was a little surprised at this unexpected frankness. He showed it in his hesitation; his black eyes stared steadily at Fenning, who had leaned comfortably back in his chair with the evident purpose of a leisurely conversation, but they betrayed a kind of blank uncertainty

"She came from the hotel directly here last night?"

"She did," replied Fenning. "I admire her smartness in getting rid of a nuisance."

"And you know where she is?"

"Yes, sir, I do, but you must not expect me to point her out to you before I understand the object of your annoyance. If you will give me one good and sufficient reason why you should follow her, I'll tell you where she is."

"I guess I know," said the other; "she is on her way to Hendricks before this."

"So, you're not an officer. Will you be kind enough to tell me what you are and what you want?"

"How do you know I'm not an officer?"

"Because if you were, the woman you are in search of couldn't get out of this city without your knowing it; that is, if you understood your business. There has no boat left for up river since last night, and you would have been at the trains as they left. I don't pretend to know you, but I notice you do not wear the red necktie that you sported in New York."

The men looked each other in the eyes. Fenning was the most self-possessed—the other the most stolid. His black eyes had a flicker in them that might mean weak astonishment or it might mean contempt.

"And I notice," he said, "that you don't wear the same hair and the same clothes that you wore when we boarded the Corinthian."

Fenning's self-possession was here tested to the utmost. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said. "Were you one of the men that robbed the steamship Corinthian?" and he pushed his chair back a little with the impulse of a sudden horror at such close contact.

"Yes, you and I had a hand in it, but Hendricks got the swag."

Fenning regarded the man with undisguised astonishment. "Did Mrs. Hendricks have a hand in it, too?"

"See here," said the man, "there ain't a bit of use in this kind of fencing. I was a witness of the first job. The woman's been slinging gold ever since, while Hendricks is carrying on his underground works."

"Yes?" said Fenning, as if coaxing a crazy man to tell more.

"And you run the office in town. That's where the woman is now—underground."

This was an admission that he did not know where the Laran cave was and Fenning was anxious to find out just how much he did know.

"You are right," he said. "She is safe by this time. I've got a tunnel that runs from this office to the underground place, but tell me about the steamship. I have forgotten exactly how we managed it."

"You're a steady one," said his companion, "but it's no use—you was there."

"I acknowledge it," said Fenning. "The only trouble is I never can convince the fifty other people who knew I was here at the time that it's so. Now I dare say, *you* will not have that difficulty. You haven't told me yet what you were sneaking after Mrs. Hendricks for. Was she there?"

"I followed her to find Hendricks."

"O, then you don't know where he is?"

"I didn't then, but when I find his headquarters here and his mate here, I'm done with the woman."

"You don't know where either Mr. or Mrs. Hendricks is at this moment."

"Yes, I do. Hendricks is underground. He is building an underground railroad."

Fenning was surprised, but he merely smiled. "What is it?" he asked.

"It's at the other end of your mail," replied his companion.

"Correct," said Fenning. "Now, then, what do you want to do?"

"I want you to write to him and say I'm up to the whole thing—have looked at his underground job at both ends and want him to meet me there."

"Your game is blackmail. How much?"

"Well, it's worth ten thousand dollars or more to the government or the steamship company, seeing that two-thirds of the plunder is untouched. It ought to be worth twenty-five thousand to Hendricks to keep both ends of his burrow a secret."

"Then why don't you go to him?"

"No, sir."

"Then write your letter and I will forward it."

"No, sir."

"Then what the devil do you want to do? Hendricks may be in the east."

"No, he isn't. You sent him a message yesterday morning. This is what it said: 'Two hundred rifles shipped at St. Louis, Barrels and stocks in different boxes.'"

Fenning was now amazed. He was at a loss for a moment what course to pursue. How could the man know all that? Mrs. Hendricks had seen him on the boat coming from St. Louis at the time the dispatch was sent.

He saw that it was expedient to adopt a new course with his visitor whose ferret eyes were watching him unperturbed.

"Look here, my friend; we might as well be frank with each other. Assuming that you are not a monomaniac and that all you say is true, Hendricks would naturally accept your proposition if he had any sort of reason to believe that you would keep your word on the payment of the money. Assuming, I say, that you don't turn out to be a crank, how can it all be arranged if it is to Hendricks' interest to meet you?"

"He must come here."

"You are not reasonable. If he is the man who robbed the steamship, he has too much at stake to take that risk. Why not go to him? I should like to see the thing out. I'll go with you. I'll wire him and ask him if he'll meet you and have a talk."

Fenning was still more astonished the same afternoon when the man returned to hear him say: "That was a risky piece of business sending that woman off in a box. She was half dead when they took her out under that catalpa tree."

There was no possible reply to make to this. It was incomprehensible to Fenning, and he had that kind of misgiving that an inscrutable mystery creates.

"I have received two dispatches from Hendricks. He says that I am to bring you on and talk the matter over."

"What did the third one say?"

"There wasn't any third one."

"Yes, there was. It said 'get him here at all cost.'"

"Well, it costs something to get you there. Will you go?"

"Yes, I will. I never was in a place where I couldn't take care of myself and it won't be to his interest to make way with me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CONQUERING HERO.

See, the conquering hero comes!
Sound the hewgag, beat the drums:
Preaching that our greatness waxes
By the increase n our taxes;
Holding we'd been "long" on "stuff"
If our taxes were enough.
Panacea for every ill
Is the great McKinley bill.
Shame on us! Can it be true
That only back in '92
Our Napoleon, tried and true,
'Mid loud hurrah and wild huiloo,
Met a disastrous Waterloo?
Now, regardless of past pain,
Let's pick our flints and try again—
Raise the taxes mountain high,
With firm resolve to do or die.
Sound the hewgag, beat the drums!
Hail! The conquering hero comes!

—Peoria Herald.

PHILOSOPHY AND POLITICS.

A Few Pungent Remarks on McKinley by a Reasoner in the Rough.

Ef de kentry wus all one pahty from rim ter scrim, it ud be er case ob tie up.

De people must er bin satisfied wiv Cleveland de fustest time ur dey wouldn't er lected him de seckind.

Perlitercal politics ain't got nothin' ter do wiv de size ob de craps or de price ob wheat.

De grass grows in de field, de sheeps eats it an' dey wool grows. All de farmer has ter do is ter cut it off. Ef he kain't do that as cheap as dey kin in de ole kentry he oughter quit de sheep bizness.

Dis yer ting ob shettin' down factries fer perliteral purposes is laike er man ,er choppin' his foot off ter spite er pinchin' shoe.

Eph Houston, the Chief Eagle, as stated heretofore in the Republic, was one of the distinguished politicians who occupied seats on the platform at the recent McKinley lecture along with Chauncey I. Filley, Charles Schweickardt, Hon. Nathan Frank, Messrs. Niedringhaus and other shining lights of the republican party. The chief eagle arrived in time to hear the beginning of the speech and remained to the end, paying close attention to everything that fell from the lips of the great apostle of protection.

"Ah kain't say as Ah heered anything new," said the Chief Eagle to a Republic reporter, "case Ah'd dun read de same speech erfore. McKinley was er variatin' hisself froo de kentry, an' den it wus de same arguments as wus variated in durin' de las' campaign. Maybe Mr. McKinley has studied ,de tariff mo' dan me, but Ah has studied it er heap, an' Ah don't know as Ah kin co'cide wiv him erzac'ly on all his reducements. Tek wool fur er instance. Whuffer does de farmer want purtection on wool? Whar's de labor come in? De grass grows uv itself here same as it do in Europe. De sheep eats de grass, in' all de farmer has ter do is ter grab Br'er sheep, tek de shears, an' snip de wool. Ef he kain't do that ter competition wiv any kentry anywhar, he'd better quit de sheep raisin' bizness, an' go ter raisin' hogs. Ah's fur free wool, an' cheap clo'es; de cheaper de better. Ah understan' Mr. Filley agrees wiv me on dat.

"Mr. McKinley variated er heap 'bout de wheat bein' so an' so much er bushel, instead ov bein' so an' so much mo', an' er blamin' de dimmercrat party fur it. Ah's studied on dis yer pint, an' Ah 'members when de wheat an' de co'n wus so plenty, under er 'publican gover'ment dat de farmers up in de northwest kentry coulden git ernuff fur it ter pay fur haulin' in ter de market, an' dey burnt de corn for fuel. Ah knows ter as de price ob cotton goes by de size ob de crap an' de man' an' polertecs hasn't got er thing ter do wiv it.

"Ah reads in de papers how dese yer spec'laters boostes de price ob hog meat an' lard, no matter which pahty is er hol'n Washington down, an' Ah's got sense ernuff ter know dat if de crap is bigger dan' de call fur it, de price goes down, an' ef dey ain't more'n ernuff co'n and wheat an' hog meat ter go 'round de price goes up. Ah dunno whether dey wus 'publicans an' dimmercrats in Bible times — Ah b'leeve de book do tell erbout dey bein' 'publicans—but Ah has heered when dey wus er famine in Egypt dat Joseph, who hed de co'n, wukked his brethern fur all dey wus wuff erfo' he'd turn it loose.

"Mr. McKinley talked er mighty heap erbout de people bein' onsatisfied befo' Cleveland was 'lected de lastes' time, an' narratin' dat dat was de reason ob dey er switchin' ter de dimmercrats. Well, dey was onsatisfied, but dey mus' ha bin er reason fur dey onsatisfaction. De people gits tired ob one thing all de time, dess same as er man kaint eat feesh er quail, er even chicken er wattermillyun all de yer erroun'! Ef de kentry was all 'publican from rim ter scrim, it ud be er tieup. Ef one pahty stays in de power all de time, dey thinks dey owns de hull kentry. De longer it stays in de power, de wusser it gits. Dat wus de matter wiv de 'publican party, dey had hilt on too purlongin! De people wanted er change, an' when yer comes down ter de bed scratch, de people is boun' ter git what dey wants—if ernuff wants it. Dey wanted er change. Dey had tried Cleveland, and dey must er bin satisfied wiv him de fustest time, ur dey wouldn't er 'lected him de sickind. Ah is bound ter remit mahseff dat Cleveland wus er favorable man de fustest time. He was so favorable dat some of de dimmercrats kicked 'case he wouldn't gib 'em all what dey wanted.

"Ah has knocked erroun' de kentry for er good while, an' Ah knows dat hard times comes whos'mever is in de power. Ah'se never furgit de panic ob 1873. It gibs me de heart disease to think ob it yit. Ah was nussin' de yaller fever in Memphis, an' arter dat Ah wus er runnin' de ribber. De yaller fever wages wus good an' Ah done saved one hundred and seventy dollars. Ah put it in de Fust national bank at Cairo. One day Ah sees in de paper dat all de banks wus er bustin'. It was arter what dey called Black Friday. Ah couldn't wait 'twill de boat gits ter Cairo. We gits thar at six o'clock in de mawnin', an' Ah jes humped up de hill to de bank. De fust thing Ah see wus a notice, 'Bank closed.' Ah sot down on de bank steps an' Ah dess cried an' boo-hooed—Ah wus only a young feller den. Bimeby Ah axed er sto'keeper whar dat white man lived what kep de bank. He didn't know, he said de man'd be about de bank at nine o'clock. Ah waited, but Ah didn't hope to ever see mah money agin'. When de bank man come along Ah nailed him. Ah wus near tickled to deff wen he said Ah could git mah money. Ah axed him whuffer he put de sign up: 'Bank closed,' an' he laffed an' said dey done dat ebery day at free o'clock. Ah gits mah money outen de bank anyway, an' Ah says to mahseff, 'eff de Lord'll furgib me fur puttin' mah money in er bank an' gittin' a skeer like dat, Ah'll never do it again, an' Ah never has. So yer sees Ah doesn't hole de dimmicrat party fur de panic ob de las' year.

"Mr. McKinley blame the dimmercrat party fur de hard times, short work an' low wages. Ah has seen de hard times er mighty heap harder dan dey is now, an' Ah don't see as wages is any lower now dan dey has bin under de 'publicans. Ah knows dat steamboat wages got down indurin' de 'publican power, an dey has never got up since. Ah don't blame de 'publicans fur dat. Ah blames de steamboatmen, an' de fool niggers as 'ud be willin' ter do de wuk fur de low wages. An' so Ah don't blame de dimmercrat party fur de hard times, nuther.

"Somebody in de ordnance tole Mr. McKinley ter ax Mr. Neidringhaus why he shet down de tin plate mill fur. He look eroun', but Mr. Neidringhaus, who was er setin' near me, diden' say er word. Ah espect if he'd done tol' de truff he'd er had ter say dat it wus polertics. Ah has come ter de 'clusion dat some ur dese yer mill men has dess dun dat er purpose ter mek out laike dey cain't mek er livin' under dat free traffic. Dat is wrong. Er man oughter ter hepp his fellow-men. Ah is done it lots er times. An is d'un 'thout things mahseff when Ah seed people as needed 'em wus den Ah did.

"Dese fellers what shets down fur de sake ob polertics 'minds me ob er man An knowed in Mississippi. He wus er sort er ejut, sorter wrong in his head. Someone gib him er pa'r er shoes as didn't fit him. Dey pinched his foot, an' ter git even he up wid er ax an' chop off his hull foot."

At this stage the Chief Eagle's soliloquy was interrupted by the arrival of a delegation of influential citizens, who wanted his influence in the interest of a certain candidate in the coming campaign, and, excusing himself to the reporter, he went into executive session with the visitors.—St. Louis Republic.

LABOR AND M'KINLEYISM.

Reduced Wages and Idle Hands Under the Protection Regime.

During the present campaign all the republican orators from Reed, Harrison and McKinley down have asserted in every speech they have made and are still asserting that the country reached the loftiest height of prosperity under the McKinley law; that under its benign operation wages rose continually; that every man who wished work had plenty to do and plenty of pay for doing it, and that this blissful state of things continued to grow more blissful even down to February, 1893.

Then the people made the horrible discovery that they had elected not only a democratic president and a democratic house, but also a democratic senate, and thus removed the last remaining obstacle in the way of accomplishing what they themselves had ordered congress to do. Thereupon all was changed in the twinkling of an eye. Every enterprise stopped short, wages began to sink, workingmen could find nothing to do, impenetrable gloom settled down upon the face of nature, and—for the rest see any rhetorical dead marches in the republican papers.

Now, so much of this as relates to labor under McKinleyism is pure fiction. The McKinley law went into effect October 6, 1890. According to Bradstreet's record the number of strikes and lockouts in that month was fifteen, all of them in the protected industries. There were strikes of piano makers, coal miners, boot and shoe factory operatives, cigarmakers, incandescent lamp makers, trunk makers and saddlery workers against reductions of wages. Glassworkers struck against boys doing the work of men. Pail manufacturers reduced wages ten per cent. The failure of a worsted mill in Philadelphia threw five hundred persons out of employment, and a shut-down of nine collieries near Pottsville, Pa., threw three thousand men and boys out of work.

A carefully compiled list of attacks on labor by threatening to reduce wages, by shutting down and in various other ways, shows that some twelve hundred of these were made during the two years commencing with October, 1890, in the protected industries. The number of these events by months was as follows:

	1890.	1891.
October	19	28
November	24	42
December	51	37
	1891.	1892.
January	86	27
February	63	34
March	59	54
April	41	42
May	70	41
June	38	52
July	46	62
August	42	51
September	37	46
October (four days)		56
	576	569
		576
Total		1,102

In this list, be it remembered, there is not a single case of striking for higher wages or of aggression of any kind on the part of employes. In most cases there was either resistance to reduction of wages or loss of employment by shut-down or failure. Here are some sample items:

October 11, 1890—The 130 weavers in Johnson, Cowdin & Co.'s silk mills in Paterson, N. J., strike because of a 10 per cent. reduction of wages. October 15—Kittridge's woolen mills at Dalton, Mass., discontinue operations after running steadily for nearly a quarter of a century. October 16, 1890—The Richland and Nelson miners at Dayton, Tenn., to the number of 1,200, strike against a reduction of wages. October 21, 1890—Leather workers in Brooklyn, N. Y., on strike because their wages had been reduced from $12 to $9 per week.

And so it runs, only from bad to worse, throughout the two years. The recorded facts show reductions of wages, the shutting down of establishments, including silk, cotton and woolen mills and iron works, on account of business depression and other things not indicative of the highest degree of prosperity, or of the full employment at top wages of everybody wishing to work.

These facts the republican campaigners find it convenient to ignore as they sound the mighty chorus from Chicago to the sea to the effect that everybody was busy, fat and perfectly happy until the people made the terrorizing discovery that they were in earnest when they voted McKinleyism down in 1890 and again in 1892.—Chicago Herald.

——Russell B. Harrison announces that it is not likely that his father would decline a presidential nomination if one is tendered. It is a wise son who knows his own father as well as Russell does.—St. Louis Republic.

A CO-OPERATIVE TOWN.

An English City Where Everybody Joins in Ownership.

Oldham (Lancashire), although, comparatively speaking, a modern town, and peopled almost exclusively by the working classes, holds the lead in many respects, but especially in its co-operative movements. No town in the kingdom owns as many joint stock or limited companies, which in their turn have created other co-operative combinations.

Its co-operative stores consist of two societies, each with a membership of nearly eleven thousand. These societies were the pioneers of the "limited" movement in Oldham, and the cotton industry was the first business they began with. Such rapid strides has it made that Oldham is known far and wide as the "divi." The co-operative societies spread still further, and now, in conjunction with the societies in adjacent towns, own a large corn mill, thus sharing the profits to be made from grinding the grain.

There are in Oldham district, in the cotton trade alone, about one hundred and fifty limited companies, the majority of which have been formed since 1872, with capitals varying from ten thousand pounds to fifteen thousand pounds, chiefly divided into five pounds shares. These companies, seeing the profits accruing from buying the raw material, at once formed the Oldham Cotton Buying Co., limited, almost every company having shares; consequently it is to their own interest to do business with the company, and thus share in the profits. But they do not stop here. Seeing the large profit made by the insurance companies, they decided to form one of their own, and the Federative Insurance company, limited, sprang into existence, each company holding a number of shares, and encouraging it by transferring their insurance business to it.

It is no uncommon thing for some of the cotton companies to consist of four hundred, five hundred and, in some cases, seven hundred shareholders; almost all residing in Oldham. Scarcely a family in the town but that owns shares in some cotton company or other.

The company movement does not stop with the staple trade (cotton). The butchers were not long behind, and then was formed the Oldham Hide, Skin and Fat Co., limited, which effectually demoralized private enterprise in that direction. Even the bill-posting and advertising business was invaded, the printers forming the Oldham Bill Posting Co., limited, through it posting their own bills and advertisements. The publicans were not left in the cold, and very soon two aerated water companies were in full swing, each publican, so long as he dealt with the company, holding so many shares. These he must relinquish when he ceases to deal with them. In fact, there is no business, not even poultry farming, which has escaped the company craze, and it is a byword that at one time you could have floated a dog kennel in Oldham.—Philadelphia Record.

BOYS AT HOME.

A Familiar Talk with Mothers About Sunday Evenings and Books.

The question of Sunday evening, its allowances and restrictions of liberty to young people, is one for strictly individual decision. But the customs of America, despite the ever-increasing leaven of foreign immigration, are in favor of home-keeping, of family reunion, of abstinence from the social observances of the week. In many families, known to the public for their lavish entertainment of smart society, the Sunday habits of their forefathers are still observed with scruple, and the children are allowed to accept no invitations to pass the evening abroad.

Whether a boy should be encouraged to attend dancing-school or class is a query custom among us has pretty generally decided to answer in the affirmative. These schools and classes are, however, most often held in the afternoon of Friday, and, for the older set among the juveniles, occur between eight and half-past ten or eleven on Saturday evenings. They are always chaperoned by the mothers of the girls present, and, properly conducted, are an excellent training for the lad in physical carriage and in ease of manner.

In nothing is the mother's sphere of influence over her boy at home more clearly defined than in aiding his choice in reading. The boy born with a love of books is the possessor of a little kingdom of his own, secure and blessed. Nothing can dispossess him; he is never dissatisfied; no hunger nor thirst of spirit but can be appeased. To wander in this realm of his, hand-in-hand with her son, is a privilege his mother should recognize and use to its utmost limit. If it be her ill-fortune to find in her child a lack of interest in reading for himself, a great deal may be done to inoculate the youngest with interest, which is the harbinger of pursuit, by reading aloud to him. I have seen a heedless boy hushed, then captivated, by the heroic passages from Shakespeare and Scott (authors he had persistently avoided for himself) thus administered, and afterward rather shame-facedly go back to pore over their pages at every opportunity of leisure.

To sum up in fewer words than should be given to a subject of this vital importance, I thoroughly believe that it is the mother who is answerable for her son's relation to his home. Her bias directs his; her relation to the household colors his; in after life he will inevitably order his own belongings in accordance with the simple teachings she has bestowed on him. She is and should be the potent influence that holds him in healthy and happy occupation under the paternal roof during the evenings of his youth to be remembered with reverent blessing in the evening of his age!—Mrs. Burton Harrison, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Too Great a Sacrifice.

The two had sat in moody, sullen silence for some minutes. Then she spoke.

"Before we were married, Algernon," she said, "you used to declare you would give up Heaven itself for me."

"Yes," answered Algernon, bitterly, "but I little thought you would ever ask me to give up smoking."—Chicago Tribune.

Just the Signs.

Miss N. Quiring—It must be very easy to telegraph bad language and swear words.

Operator—What make's you think so?

Miss N. Quiring—Because the code contains so many dots, dashes and spaces.—Brooklyn Life.